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AMERICAN WASTEFULNESS.

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern and other railroads, is lamenting the wastefulness of American farmers and their prodigal squandering of the natural resources of their lands. Mr. Hill is not alone in this. Every agricultural writer calls attention to the small average crops of the United States as compared with the productivity of the soil in England, Belgium, France and Germany, let alone China and Japan.

But why should the censure upon American wastefulness be confined to the farmers and their methods? Very likely because the criticism of farmers by railroad presidents, bankers and high financiers has a thoroughly selfish foundation.

Bigger crops do not mean a larger income to the farmer, because the greater the size of the crop the lower is the price per bushel, so much lower that many farmers receive higher aggregate sums for their crops in poor crop years than in the years of abundance. But the smaller the crops the less freight there is for the railroads to carry, the smaller the net profits on their balance sheets and the less the opportunity for bull pools and other high financing in Wall Street, such as Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific coup.

The greatest wastefulness of the United States is not in the farmers' treatment of the soil, but in the habits of the American people and their attitude toward the great coal, lumber and metal industries.

Boasting is an American custom. That is well enough, provided the boasting is confined to desirable habits and qualities. But the prevalent American tone is not to boast of thrift, but of spendthriftiness; not to take pride in the slow savings from self-deprivation and economy, but to place first gains from speculation. One great boast is of the products of the coal mines, of the iron, copper and lead taken from the caverns of the earth, of the millions of giant forest trees turned into lumber.

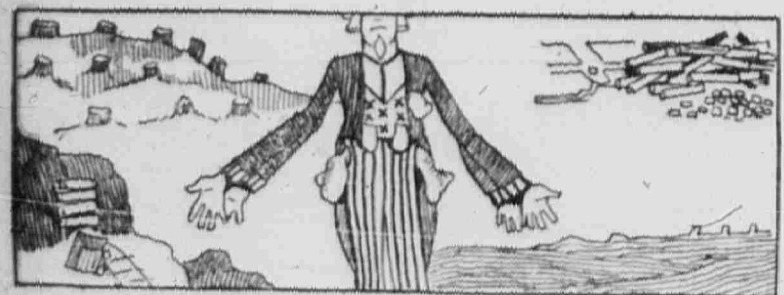
The fertility of the soil can be restored and increased by intelligent farming and scientific cultivation. This is done in all old countries, and in the course of time necessity will compel it in the United States.



But how are the coal and the lumber and the ores of the United States to be replaced? Scientific re-forestation can turn waste lands into marketable timber, but that will take at least forty or fifty years. But by what process can the coal and iron and copper ores taken from the mines be replaced? It may be answered that invention will harness the power of the waterfalls, the tides and the sun to take the place of coal. But what will take the place of iron, copper and lead? Aluminum may some day be more cheaply extracted from common clay, but even the more visionary inventors hold out no hope of getting metal for common use by any process approaching in cheapness the steam-scoop-shovel mining of the Minnesota iron ranges.

Wastefulness is not wealth, but the dissipation of wealth. Squandering money is the converse of the way to accumulate riches. The Pittsburgh sudden millionaires, the Wall Street multi-millionaires and the rest of the baneful tribe who are scattering the wealth they have taken from the American people cannot be duplicated. There is one big steel trust now, and the fortunes made from its promotion cannot be made again. There has been one series of railroad consolidations and inflations, and this cannot be done over again. There is one big crop of trusts, and another crop cannot grow on the same soil. The get-rich-quick methods of the past ten years cannot be repeated in this generation.

For all these squanderings, for the chorus girls, the automobiles, the country estates, the town palaces, the divorces and alimonies, the thousands of liveried lackeys, the personal and household expenses running into the millions, the American producers pay in the long run. And the process is impoverishing them.



The draft upon the natural resources of the United States cannot be continued interminably without the checks coming back stamped "No funds." The oil wells will not flow forever. The natural gas is already almost exhausted. The anthracite coal supply is dependent upon deeper veins soon to reach the physical limit of their working. The iron ore will soon be beyond the reach of the steam scoops. The copper mines have already sunk their shafts to a temperature near the extreme of human endurance.

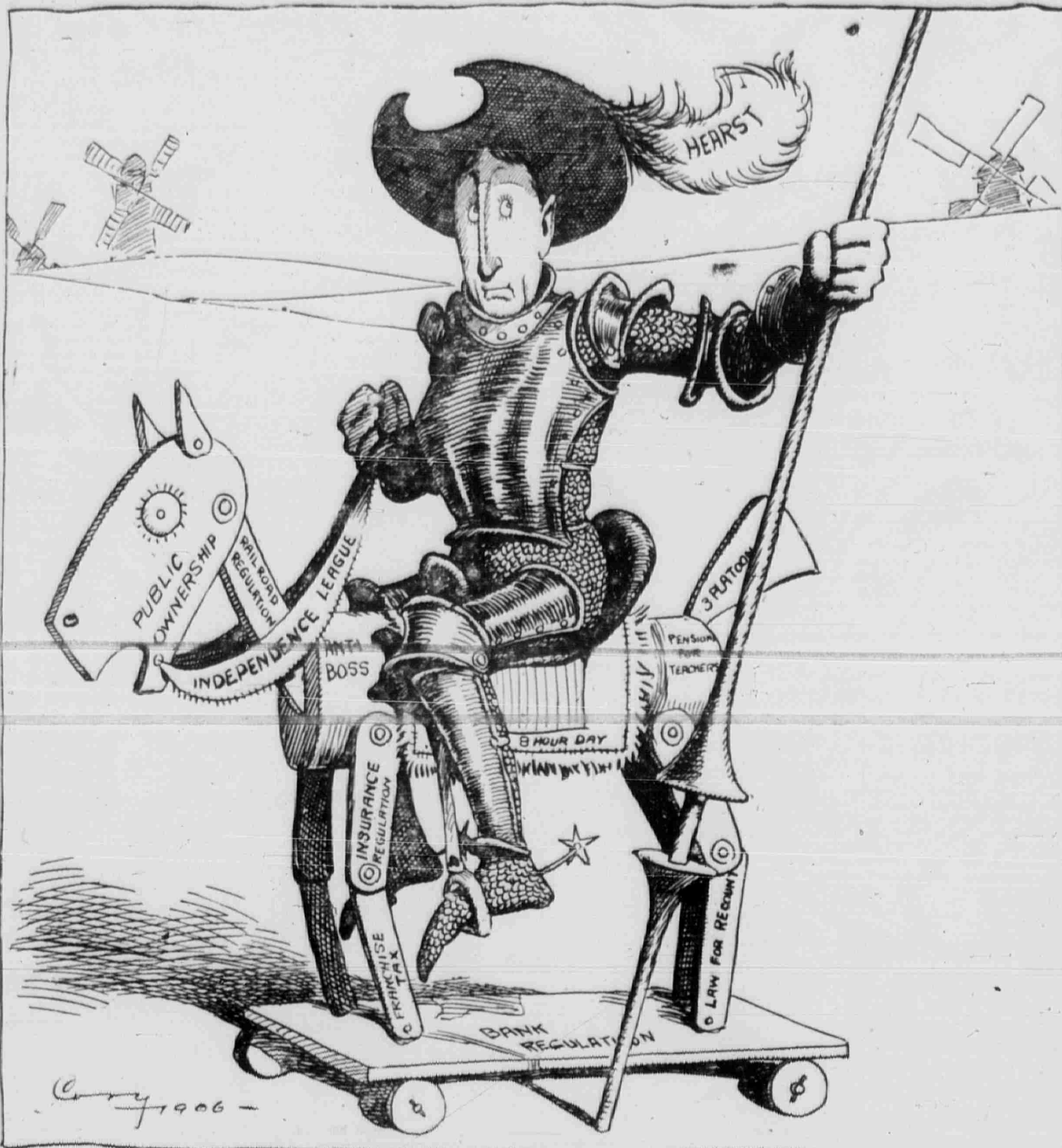
Then what is to happen? Back to the soil everybody will have to turn in the end, as it was to the soil that primeval man looked for the supply of all his wants in the beginning. The farms of the United States can produce alcohol to take the place of petroleum and coal-made gas. The cotton and the cornstalks can supply substitutes for many present uses of lumber. As paper for wheels now outlast steel, so the products of the soil may make up for a scarcity of metal. Concrete and brick will relieve the drain upon the forests for building materials.

When this time of falling back on the soil comes, the capitalization of the trusts will have lost a great part of its earning power. The small shop and the little factory may return to a place in the community like what they had when the original thirteen United States were colonies, and trade consisted in barter, and commerce was direct exchange, not manipulation.

Uncle Sam is now working to squander his natural resources with an energy and a skill never known before in the history of the world. He should pause long before his empty pockets necessitate a sharp and painful stop. No man and no country can pull itself up by its bootstraps.

Going It Alone

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To the Loyal Young Swain Who Refuses To Sell His Heart-Dream for Paltry Gold.



Love and money, like brandy and soda, or gin and lime juice, or any other delectable drink with which you may or may not be familiar, are much better

DEAR MR. FREDERICK RILEY: You, a poor secretary, have declined an offer of \$25,000 to give up the girl you love. According to the printed story, which you have confirmed, a broker worth \$5,000,000 first offered you \$100 a week, then raised the bid to \$25,000 if you would withdraw your pretensions to the hand of Miss Clara Thiel and leave the field clear for him. I hope in your imagination that a man should offer to buy the idol of your soul from you is a measure of anger that being worth \$5,000,000 his uttermost bid for her should be only \$25,000.

Not that the proffer of his entire fortune could have altered your resolution, but merely that it would have been pleasant to reflect that another man would give all his worldly worth for what you had won entirely on your own merits.

I congratulate you on your disinterestedness. May you never wish you had taken another look at that check! And I don't think you will.

Whether than apart. Indeed, one isn't of very much good without the other. But when we have to get along with just one of them, your choice is the right one every time.

A check for \$25,000 has the same value for every one. It's a hopelessly fixed quantity. But a girl doesn't represent the same value to any two persons. Twenty-five million dollars wouldn't buy your girl from you. Yet some fellow you know in the next office may be utterly blind to her charms and altogether devoted to some little red-headed snip that you think you wouldn't look at on a desert island.

Our girl and our ideal man are worth anything that we think they are. Their actual value has nothing to do with it. You wouldn't take \$25,000 for the pretty stenographer you are in love with. But you would cheerfully surrender your pretensions to any other woman in the world for 25 cents.

So long as we hold to our own estimate, those of us who, like you, "in this hollow gulf have found a pearl," are in no danger of regret or disillusionment. But after a while the colder valuation of people in general is apt to thrust itself upon us. And seeing our loves as others see them, they disappear.

What you should do is to resolve that the girl must never seem worth less to you than she is now.

Any love that lasts is merely a gradual process of self-hypnotism. So you can do it. Most of the self-hypnotism these days is obtained by staring at a coin till its milled circumference becomes the boundary of the universe, and the constellations range themselves in phalanxes of dollar marks. But a far better result comes from the continued contemplation of a pretty girl.

You are lucky to be one of its victims.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Write to Park Commissioner.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please inform me why cameras are not permitted in the New York parks, and if there are any rules or regulations regarding the same.

VISITING AMATEUR.
\$50,000 a Year; Less than \$1,000 a Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World: To decide a bet, please let me know if the President of the United States gets a salary of \$50,000 a year, and how much he makes a week—if he makes \$1,000 or less.

M. M.
Address G. A. R. Headquarters, City Hall, New York City.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where are the headquarters of the Sons of Veterans, War 1861?

J. H. C.
1896.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will you inform me the year that Admiral Dewey arrived in New York from the Spanish war? H. L. H.

Ask Any Policeman.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Let me have information about Cherry Hill, San Juan Hill, Hell's Kitchen, Yorkville and other districts. H. F.

No. 18 West 44th St., New York City.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly inform me where the Mechanical Institute is, and whether instructions are given free or not. N. M. A.

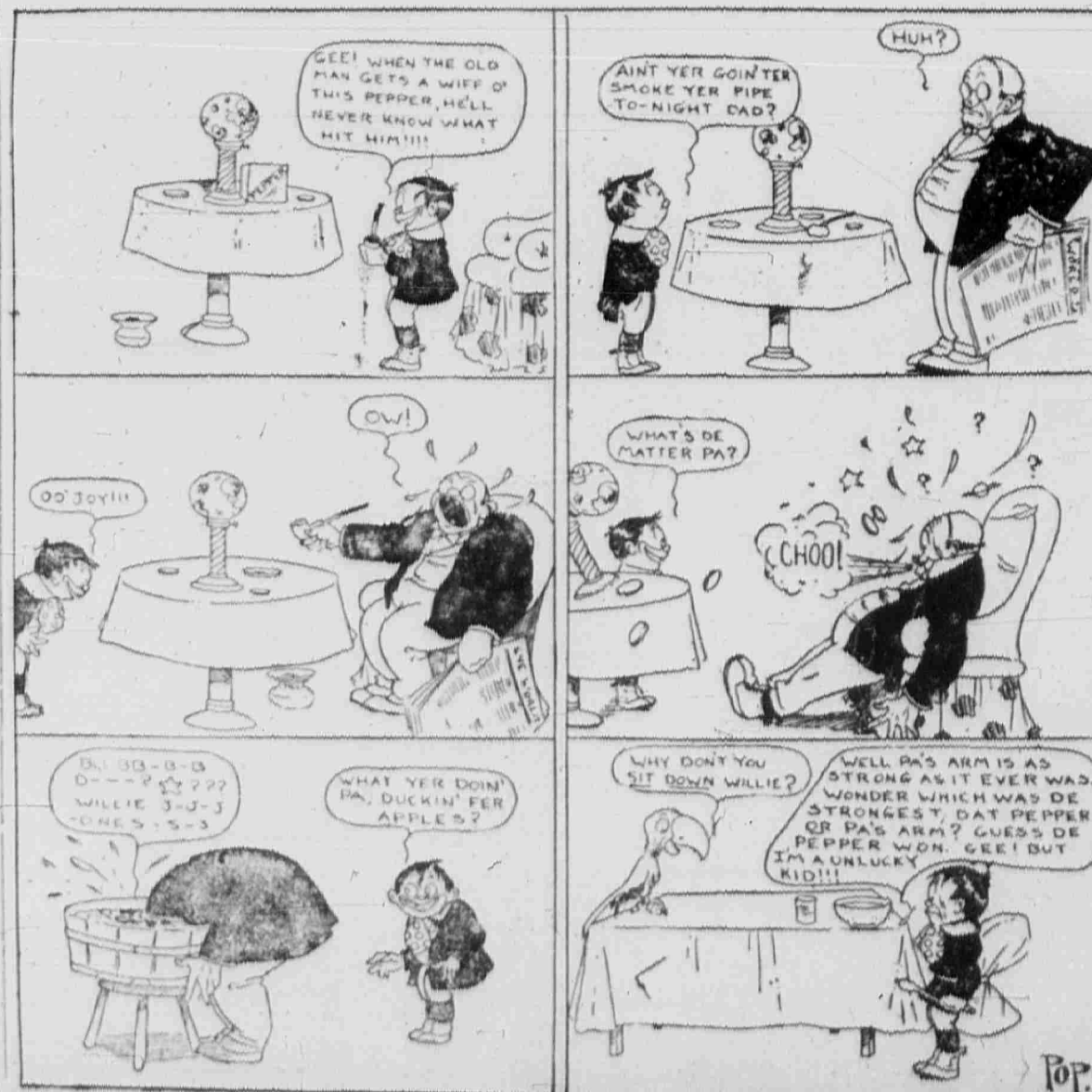
Who Writes 'Em All?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have often marvelled at the unusual grammatical purity and general elegance of fiction not-cable in letters to the editor of the Sun. Day after day, on all varieties of subjects, one finds the most elaborate diction and finish.

In a case of a clientele of letter writers who have cultivated the art to make perfection, or of a versatile reporter with a genius for penning letters to himself—or his paper? Looks to me like a case of "finger in the woodpile." JOHN GORMLEY.

THE DIARY OF A BAD BOY.

By "Pop."



NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES
By Irvin S. Cobb

Where One High Hat Beats Two Pair of Socks.



THIS is the town where it is better to have a tasty front and no backing at all than to have plenty of backing and a sad front. One brace of patent leather shoes is worth eight suits of warm underclothes for display purposes on Lobster Island. Rather a high hat than an extra pair of socks.

We are strong for the loud cry and the doubled-in-brass. Providing the side-show banners were sufficiently attractive we never get peevish and demand our money back if we find Boscoe eating dead angleworms instead of live anacondas.

We have no use for the modest-blushing violet in our business. The national flower of New York is the fromage de Brie. For truly do we live in the real home of the Ballyhoo.

We drop into a proper food foundry at the crowded hour and ask if we can get a beefsteak and a pot of coffee right off the reel, being both weak and famished. The superior gentleman who has been assigned to wait on us assures us in his polished way that we certainly can. He bestows a glass of water and a couple of rolls, as an evidence of good faith, after which he retires, into executive session behind a screen and lays the proposition before the board of governors, and when the head cook has opened the session with a prayer a vote is taken, and if no blackballs are

cast against us they go out and kill a cow and scalp our beefsteak off her. And not off the gentler side of her nature at that!

When the food finally comes to us we've forgotten whether it was ordered for breakfast or dinner. Anyway, by now we are gorged on rolls and ice-water, and, besides, the steak is as cold and hard as the heart of a Broadway cabman, which is the hardest, coldest thing known to civilized man, and the coffee is as bitter as a lost soul, and as full of suspicious grounds as a modern divorce petition.

But we raise no voice in protest. For any shortcomings on the part of the cuisine there is ample atonement in the fact that for several long conspicuous hours we have been permitted to sit, dressed in our cheeriest regalia, in an establishment which is provided with a marble front stoop and a check boy having more brass buttons on him than there are warts on a frog.

Also it is worth a good deal to be allowed to loll back in luxurious ease while the waiter hands us one of those half-shell finger-bowls and an antiseptic toothpick encased in a cute sterilized nightie of white tissue paper.

THE FUNNY PART:

New York is the only place where shining brass beats dull gold as a circulating medium.

TWO MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.



ONE of the very curious differences between a New Yorker and a man who lives outside of New York is that the man outside of New York never seems to be able to understand the politics of New York City," said Murray Danenbaum yesterday.

Danenbaum is one of the kind of men who help to make the real politics of New York, and is one of that class of citizens who work for the welfare of the city without seeking any publicity for the same.

"What is the particular point?" we asked.

"The point is shown by these incidents. A man from Connecticut, who is a man of consequence and a leader of public movements in his locality, asked me how it was that we elected both Republican and Democratic leaders, and when I explained how they were chosen he said it seemed very odd and that he had the impression that the district leadership was an office that the voters of both parties voted directly for."

"The district leader has been so much written about that he assumes great proportions in the minds of the people."

Eccentricities of Diamond Mining.

J. B. ROBINSON, the South African millionaire, told an interviewer for the San Francisco Call his early experiences in searching for diamonds.

"The news spread like wildfire through the countryside that a white man was giving away wagons and oxen for bits of stone. I set all the natives who came to work to seek diamonds on one side of the river," says Mr. Robinson. "and I fetched up my own fifty men to hunt for diamonds among the bushes and scrub on my side of the Vaal. Next morning at sunrise I was startled by a loud hullabalooing, and looking out I saw a whole gang of my men rushing toward me in a state of great excitement. One of them had found a diamond of good size; they all had come to see what I would do with it."

"What will you give me for it?" says he.

"I will give you ten cows," I replied, and sent the man into the herd to take his pick, and he marked ten of the best cows as his own. They had never dreamed of making such a bargain. Ten cows for a bit of stone! Off they went again and found diamonds every day. They all became rich and I accumulated a good store of precious stones. We made a belt full of small pickets, in each of which we placed a diamond.

Josh Billings-gait Spelin.

By CORA M. Greenleaf.

GRAND old Josh has got too lorn too lorn.

The natchur's wa or duin.

When I told Par, he said: "Ohel. The dikhumeris ruind."

I've orwas spell that wa mineit.

But muther, see I'me better.

"N'most av bala, the upper shaft. For mine, wood just delter.

Par says his clark has got too lorn Orthography or over.

Sex or our clov has got to burn; That publishers in klover.

He sex the onest reason or. The Presidents rebelin.

Against the wa we've bit or wurd. Was his one delecty spellin.

Par ses the skome'll never work. Kcept bi graft and briber.

Kawa when it dux, old Karnaogee. Must just coff up more libris.